

The first part of the contention of the two Jamons

War. And yet the worthy deedes that *Torke* hath done,
Should make him worthy to be honored here.

Suff. Peace headstrong *Warmicke*.

War. Image of pride, wherefore should I peace?

Suff. Because here is a man accus'd of Treason,
Pray God the Duke of *Yorke* do cleare himselfe.
Ho, bring hither the Armourer and his man.

Enter the Armourer and his man.

If it please your grace, this fellow here, hath accused his master
of high Treason, and his words were these.

That the duke of *Torke* was law ful heire vnto the crowne, and
that your grace was an vsurper.

Torke I beseech your grace let him haue what punishment
the law will afford, for his villany.

King. Come hither fellow, didst thou speake these words?

Armor. An't shal please your maiesty, I neuer said any such
matter, God is my witnesse, I am falsly accused by this villaine
here.

Peter Tis no matter for that, you did say so.

Torke I beseech your grace let him haue the law.

Armor. Alas my Lord, hang me if euer I spake these words,
my accuser is my prentise, and when I did correct him for his
fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees that he would
be euen with me, I haue good witnesse of this, and therefore
I beseech your maiesty do not cast away an honest man for a
villaines accusation.

King Vnckle Gloster, what do you thinke of this?

Humph. The law my Lord is this by case, it rests suspitious,
That a day of combate be appointed,
And there to trie each others right or wrong,
Which shall be on the thirtith of this month,
With Eben staues, and Standbags combating
In Smithfield, before your Royall Maiesty.

exit Humphrey.

Armor. And I accept the combate willingly.

Peter. Alas my Lord, I am not able to fight.

Suff. You must either fight sirra, or else be hangde:

Goe

houses, of Torke

Go take him hence againe to prison
The Queene lets fall her gloue,
a boxe on

Queene Giue me my gloue,
She strik

I crie you mercy Madame, I did
I did not thinke it had beene y

Elnor. Did you not, prowd
Could I come neare your dainti
I'de set my ten commandement

King Be pacient gentle Aunt
It was against her will.

Elnor Against her will! good
If thou wilt alwaies thus be ruld
But let it rest, as sure as I do liue,
She shall not strike dame Elnor

King Beleue me my loue, th
I would not for a thousand pour
My noble vnckle had beene her

Enter Duke

But see where he comes, I am gla
Vnckle Gloster, what answere m
Concerning our Regent for the
Whom thinkes your grace is me

Humph. My gracious Lord,
For that these words the Armou
Doth breede suspition on the par
Let Somerset be Regent ouer the
Till trial's made, and *Yorke* may

King. Then be it so my Lord
We make your grace Regent ou
And to defend our rights gainst f
And so do good vnto the Realm
Make haste my Lord, tis time th
The time of truce I thinke is full

Somer. I humbly thanke you